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HOLY DAYS

AND

HOLIDAYS.

ILLUSTRATED.

HOLY DAYS & HOLIDAYS,

(With Original Illustrations,)

By

Sarah E. Hoag Anthony.

Drawings by Miss Minnie Clement,

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LOOK up! look upward
And behold the light,
In looking downward
Darkness may surround thee.





REPOSING there in the perfumed hay,
An infant child in a manger lay ;
A child to become a King in time,
Of the kingdom Heavenly and Divine.

CHRISTMAS CAROL.



I

ARK ! a sound of Christmas music,
Hark ! a sound of Christmas mirth,
Hark ! a carol full of gladness
Is now sounding through the earth ;
Advancing through the dark of ages,
Ringing loud this Christmas morn,
“Glory in the Highest, Glory !
Unto you a Christ is born !”

II

Humble shepherds calm'y listened
To the Angelic song that night,
Bowing low in sacred silence,
Rendering praise to Bethlehem's light ;
To the city quickly hastened,
Just before the day had dawned,
Bearing joyful tidings with them—
“Unto us a Christ is born !”

III

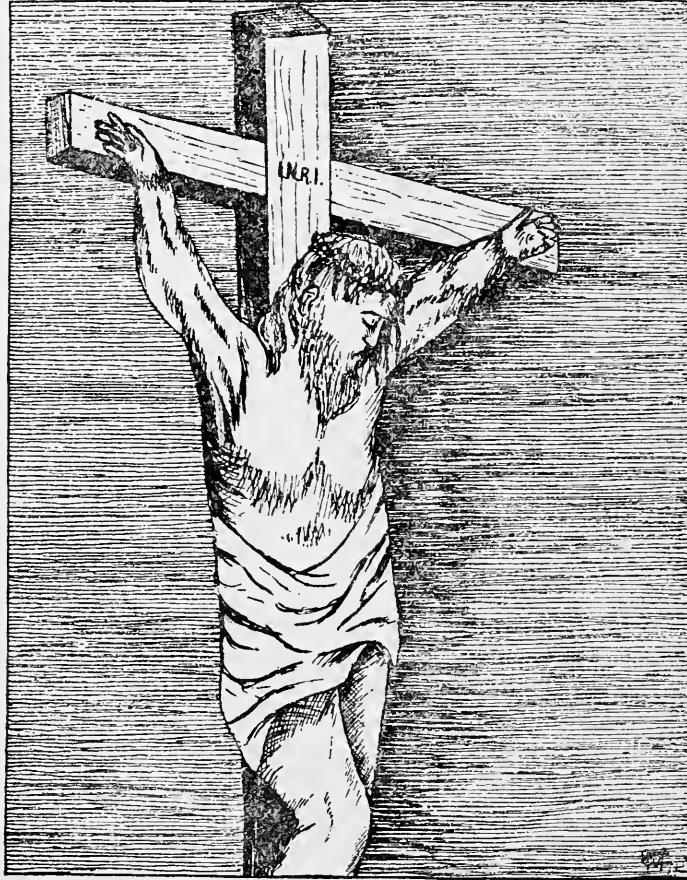
Far away in other countries,
Wise men saw the sacred light
Brightly burning, onward guiding,
As it glows again this night,
Bearing myrrh, gold and frankincence,
Bethlehem's cradled King to adorn,
Place them in the lowly manger
Unto them the Christ was born.

IV

Praise each one, sound now the praise,
Prayers and intercession bring ;
Christmas hymns and Christmas music,
With force, the joyous anthems sing.
Let your music now be ringing,
As upon that Christmas morn ;
"Glory in the highest, Glory,
Unto all a Christ is born."

THE CRUCIFIXION.

No cross I shunned, for all I died.



Father, for thy wounds, oh ! let me be
Resigned to Christ, who died ;
To bear the cross, to lead the life ;
Of our Saviour, the crucified.



HAT sacrifice ! the death of Him —
The High and ever Holy one ;
Well may the conscious Heaven grow dim
And blacken the beholding sun ;
The wonted light hath fled away,
Night settles on the middle day,
And Earthquake from his caverned bed,
Is waking with a thrill of dread !

Well may the cavern depths of earth
Be shaken, and her mountains nod ;
Well may the sheeted dead come forth,
To gaze upon a suffering God !
Well may the temple shrine grow dim,
And shadows veil the Cherubim,
When He, the chosen one of Heaven,
A sacrifice for guilt is given.

J. G. WHITTIER.

"And behold, there was a great earthquake ; for the angel of the Lord descended from Heaven, and came and rolled back the stone from the door and sat upon it."



"And the angel answered and said unto the women, Fear not ye, for I know that ye seek Jesus which was crucified."

"He is not here, for he is risen, as he said, Come see the place where the Lord lay."

—Matthew xxviii, 2, 5, 6.

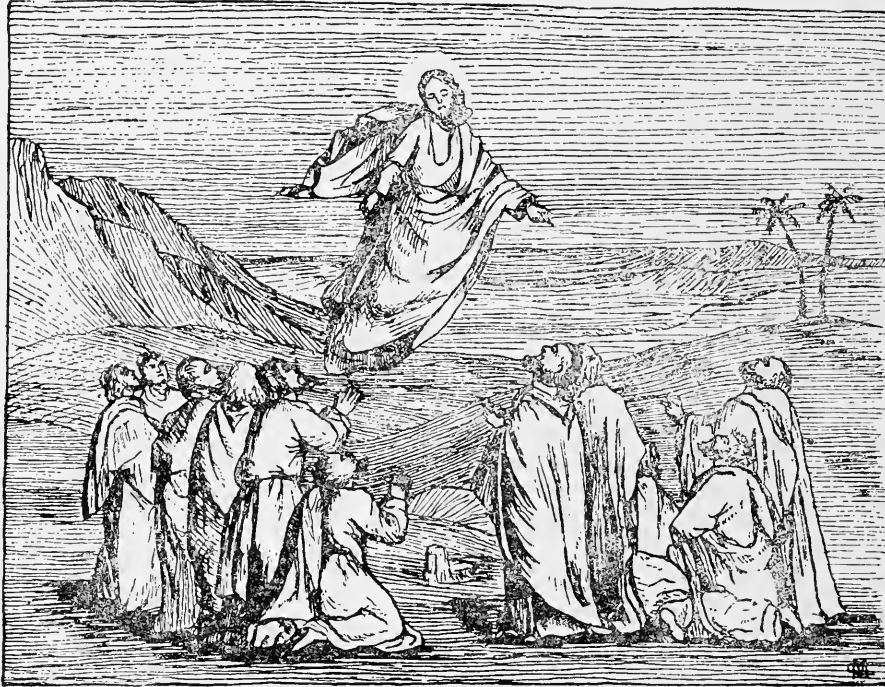


CHRIST is risen ! Easter blossoms
Bud and bloom anew ;
In the valleys of the Springtime,
Arched by spaces blue,
In the flower-swept fields and meadows.
Smiling walks the Spring ;
From her violet aisles the bird-songs
Swell for Christ, the King
Mount to mount rejoices,
Earth is passing fair ;
All her breath is incense,
All her voice is prayer !

—*Selected.*



"So then after the Lord had spoken unto them He was received up into Heaven and sat on the right hand of God."—Mark xvi, 19.



He now will guard us through the deep,
And lead us up Mount Zion's steep,
For He the path has tried ;
He crossed the stream of death alone.
His glory from Heaven's portals shone,
Our Saviour, the Crucified.

THE OIL OF JOY FOR MOURNING.

I



“TRUST thou in God, He knows thy secret grief,
Discerns thy motives and will bring relief;
The glorious promise which His covenant gives,
True like Himself, for thee forever lives!
Thy Maker is thy portion, and His care
Shall teach thy soul its heaviest woes to bear;
Thou that didst trust Him in the joy of youth,
Shalt know His faithfulness, shalt feel His truth;
Then trust Him more, oh, let thy spirit rest
Full, strong, confiding on thy Saviour's breast!

II

Rejoice in God's high will, amidst the storm
Lift up thy head — behold His glorious form
Revealed in dazzling beauty; gaze and trust
The winds — the lightnings do but guard the just!
Fear not! sink not! but stand resigned erect,
For Israel's Shepherd shall thy soul protect!
What though, as yet, there's gloom upon the sky,
'Tis transient like the clouds; like them shall fly!
The glorious sky was made for light and love;
Clouds oft obscure, but there is joy above!

III

So with the Christian's heaven ; 'tis pure, divine ;
Beyond the tempest all his treasures shine !
God keeps them safe, yet screens them from his view,
That he may wonder, yet, to see how fast they grew !
Grew when he least expected — multiplied
E'en while by darkness all his soul was tried.
Yes, from that blissful height where Saints repose
Above earth's joys — how far above its woes?
Shalt thou, the tempted, the persevered, look back
On all thy life's dark, rough and gloomy track ?

IV

And trace each danger, every woe discern,
Fraught with thy highest welfare ; then shall burn
With holier-rapture, all thy glowing breast,
Then shalt thou take thine everlasting rest !
Therefore, again, trust thou the Living God,
Serenely bow beneath His chastening rod ;
Learn to confide, to hope, and thou shalt know
How vast the joys which from his mercy flow ;
Learn to submit, to love, to do thy Father's will,
Then His forgiving spirit thou wilt daily, truly feel.



THE LORD be praised, my spirit saith,
That thus He hath seen meet,
To kindle in the hearts of some
True prayer for my relief ;
Relief from sin, from Satan's snare,
That so obstructs my way,
That leads to life and perfect peace,
For which my soul doth pray.

Oh ! heavenly light, what can compare
With thy endearing charms ?
Thou plead'st with man to come to thee
With thine extended arms ;
Oh ! that my soul was wholly cleansed
And fit for thine abode ;
For thee I thirst, may I be filled
With thy most Holy Word !

Oh ! may the spirit never cease
To supplicate thine aid ;
To lead me still, and nearer still
To that which will not fade ;
And let all honor be ascribed,
And to thy name be given ;
For thou art worthy of all praise
On earth — also in heaven.

HANNAH HOAG BOSWORTH.

CHILDREN'S CORNER,

I



L*ITTLE SOULS* were made to serve God,
All His holy law fulfill ;
Little hearts were made to love God,
Little hands to do His will.

II

Little eyes to read the Bible,
Given from the Heaven above ;
Little ears to hear the story,
Of the Saviour's wondrous love.

III

Little tongues to sing His praises,
Little feet to walk His ways ;
Little bodies to be temples,
Where the Holy Spirit stays."



"Let little children come unto me for of such is the kingdom of heaven."





Y dear young friends be ever cautious,
Fearing the words you speak or write
May meet you in the great hereafter,
When standing in the dear Lord's sight.

"Let love through all your actions run,
And all your words be mild ;
Live like the blessed Virgin's son,
That sweet and loving child.

His soul was gentle as a lamb,
And with his stature grew ;
He grew in favor, both with man
And God His Father too.

Now, Lord of all ! He reigns on high,
And from His Heavenly Throne
He sees what children dwell in love
And marks them for His own."



WHOSOEVER !

WITHIN a room are seven children,
Looking o'er their Bible lesson,
"Which word in all this volume
Do you like best?" queried Susan.

Lucy whispers "Hope," Mary chooses Love,
Mabel's choice is Heaven, blessed home above;
May says Faith is the sweetest word of any,
"My word is Jesus," chimes little Amie.

Little Minnie, three years younger
Than the other girls, chose Whosoever,
Whosoever means one and all,
Even Minnie, who is so small !

Whosoever, do you not see?
That means all both you and me,
Jesus says whosoever will may come
And find a pardon and a home.



*“And the child grew, and waxed strong in spirit
filled with wisdom and the grace of God was upon
him.”*

IF WE KNEW!

I



“IF WE knew the cares and crosses, crowding 'round
our neighbor's way,

If we knew the little losses, sorely grievous, day by
day;

Would we then so often chide him for his lack of
thrift and gain;

Leaving on his heart a shadow, leaving on our
life a stain?

II

If we knew the clouds above us, held by gentle blessings there
Would we turn away all trembling in our blind and weak despair?
Would we shrink from little shadows lying on the dewy grass,
While 'tis only birds of Eden just in mercy flying past?

III

If we knew the silent story quivering through the heart of pain,
Would our manhood care to doom them back to haunts of guilt
again?

Life hath many a tangled crossing, joy hath many a brake of woe,
And the cheek, tear-stained, is white, this the blessed angels know.

IV

Let us reach into our bosoms for the key to other's lives,
And with love to'ard erring nature cherish good that still sur-
vives;

So that when our disrobed spirits soar to realms of light again,
We may say "Dear Father, judge us as we judge our fellow-
men"



JOHN B. GOUGH, 1857.

*“Him that overcometh will I make a pillar in
the temple of my God, and he shall go no more out.”*

JOHN B. GOUGH.



LIKE missing the delicate odors that out from the roses
distill,

Like silence that falls on the spirit, when quickly the
music is still ;

Like shadows that follow the sunset, when golden is
turning to gray,

We stand in the midst of our losing, in midst of our
grieving to-day.

So rare was the fragrance that followed the track of a wonder-
ful life,

So thrilling the passionate numbers of victory mingled with
strife,

So golden the skies of the evening, when day in its glory went
down,

That weeping for friend and for brother, we shout for the Hero
that's crowned.

Oh ! soul that has struggled and conquered, how looks the sharp
pathway you trod ?

How seemeth the field where you battled, looking down from
the hilltops of God ?

Oh, surely it pays to have borne it, with all of the measureless
pain,

To find that the soul that o'ercometh, is heir of an infinite gain.

Gough dead ! say the same of the sunshine when evening comes
over the hill,

Say music is dead, when in slumber the hand of the player is
still,

Behold ! the dimmed splendor has broken in morning, eternal
and calm,

And listen ! the player is sweeping the chords of an infinite
psalm.

—*Selected.*

DECORATION.



ENTLY tread, where the soldiers sleep,
And o'er their graves sweet flowers scatter ;
Their memory in our hearts we'll keep.
Our father's, husbands, sons and brothers.



The soldier's rest at Heaven's altar
Is strewn with flower's celestial ;
Our father's, husbands, sons and brothers,
Now wear the crown eternal.

HIS CHILDREN.

DO NOT fancy God's hands defiled,
When He formed to his liking His dusky child,
The same dusky child sees a glimmer of light,
Of which he has dreamed long years of night;
The same blood is flowing in his human veins,
As he walks a freeman from slavery's chains.

And now to his kindred united once more,
His joy returns as in days of yore ;
Let no one believe that the color of clay
Will cause the night, or cause the day ;
Whatsoever God in His power hath made,
Harmonizes beautifully in light and shade.

No outward ensign by him is applied,
The ensign He loves is the one that's inside ;
It's the spirit of man, and not his skin,
That constitutes this whole human race akin !
In our Saviour's fatherly redeeming sight,
His offspring are neither black, red or white,

WELL-SPRINGS OF LIFE.

Love keeps out of all strife, it overcomes all evil and casts out all false fears.

George Fox.

The best of all is that God is with us.

John Wesley.

Holiness to the Lord,

Bishop Alfred Lee, D. D.

Let the Sabbath Schools be military academies in which the young cadets may be trained for the battles of the Lord.

George G. Cookman.

Content not thyself that thou art good in the general; for one link being wanted the chain is deficient.

William Penn.

We have made a sad bungle of Sundays when we do not find them glad, bright days, and do not have joy in the good and and the beautiful God

Rev. Benjamin Waugh.

To be a Christian is to possess eternal life, and to have eternal life is to be a Christian.

Rev. Dr. L. M. S. Haynes.

They are the forgiven people who can war the good warfare, and contend for the faith and conquer kingdoms. The man who doubts and hints at another gospel is a powerless soldier in the army of Christ.

Rev. Hector Hall.

I see occasion for old trees in the spiritual plantation to be pruned as well as the younger ones if they continue fruitful in the different seasons of life.

Catharine Phillips.

“Fight the good fight of faith, lay hold on eternal life.” was a favorite quotation of

Benjamin L. Hoag.

Let me live and die in the Sabbath School.

Jesse Anthony.

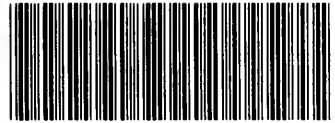
Less judgment than wit is more sail than ballast.

Wm. Penn.





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